C-221-5-8

E W Branscombe Sept 23 02

KILLAMS MILLS
NB

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVI., No. 35 MONTREAL, AUGUST 30, 1901. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

WOUNDED

Wounded.

(By William Luff, in 'The Christian Ambassador.')

Wounded ! Do you know the fearful meaning of the word? Shattered bones, mangled flesh, quivering nerves, scattered hopes, yearning affections—and all this far from home, and love and comfort.

But there are mental and spiritual wounds, worse even than those of the battle-field—sin-wounds.

'Wounded slightly,' was written after some names in the casualty list from the seat of war. This cannot be said of sin-wounds.

'Wounded dangerously,' This is our case, for the Great Physician says, 'Thy wound is grievous' (Jeremiah xxx., 12). It is in a vital part, for every fallen sinner has to cry, 'My heart is wounded within me' (Psalm cix., 22). These wounds are fatal.

A great king, finding that an arrow had pierced the joints of his armor, cried, 'Carry me out of the host; for I am wounded' (I. Kings xxii., 34).

When a man begins to feel the fatal effects of sin, this is his language. Is it yours? Are you ready to give up, to leave the old companions ? We have good news for such.

'I will heal thee of thy wounds,' is the promise of him who says, 'Thy wound is grievous' (Jer. xxx., 17 and 12). 'He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds' (Psalm cxlvii., 3).

Jesus tells of one who lay wounded by the highway; others passed him by; 'But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him' (Luke x., 33, 34). Is not this a picture of himself?

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.'

Truly, he 'makes the wounded spirit whole.'

But how is it that Christ is thus able to bind up the broken in heart? He has himself been wounded. Look at him! wounded in his brow with the thorn crown, on his back by the scourge, his hands and his feet wounded by the nails, and his heart opened by the spear. But there were other and deeper wounds, the smitings of the sword of justice, for 'he was wounded for our transgressions' (Isaiah liii., 5). Because of this, Jesus the wounded one [illegible] Jesus the healing one.

'Hail! Thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring;
Hail! Thou agonising Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favor,
Life is given through Thy name.'

Power of the Word.

(Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, in ' Golden Rule.')

The Holy Spirit will always do his work perfectly, if we are but faithful.

If we have spoken, then it is less work to apply the truth. If we have given God's word, it is his work to energize it, and lead the lost one into the light ; and he will.

I was standing one day in the Home for Old Soldiers, in one of our Eastern States. I had just finished addressing them when the commanding officer said, ' There is one room in the institution I want you to see.'

As we walked down the corridor he told me the story of an old sea-captain who had been an inmate of the home. When he entered the institution he was boastful of his infidelity. He absolutely refused to attend any of the services in the chapel.

But finally he was taken ill. The officer said, ' I went into his room and said, "Captain, you have nothing else to do. Suppose you read the Bible, just for my sake," ' But he stubbornly refused.

' The next day I went again and said "Captain, suppose you read the Bible to see if there is anything in it you think you might receive ; and if you find it, suppose you take this pen and dip it in red ink, and mark it red." '

This seemed to interest the old man, and he agreed to do it. At the officer's suggestion, he began with John's Gospel. He read through two chapters, and made never a mark. He started in to read the third chapter, and seemed uninterested until he came to the sixteenth verse, which Luther called the Gospel in a nutshell, and then he stopped. He read it again, the tears came, and, reaching for his pen, he marked the passage red.

By this time we had reached the room he occupied, and as we crossed the threshold the officer said : ' God called him home the other day, and I have just sent his Bible to his daughter. It was marked red all the way through, and he had come before his death to receive the Bible perfectly.'

Over his bed was still swinging a pasteboard anchor, and on the lower part of it, written with his own hand in red ink, these word were seen : ' I have cast my anchor in safe harbor, thank God.'

That was all the work of the Spirit, after the officer had placed the Bible in the old captain's hands ; and it was the work of the spirit to lead the officer to carry him the Book.

God is always faithful. Cheer up, young Christians! if you have seemed to labor with no results, leave them all with God. Only remember that ' his word shall not return unto him void,' and that ' heaven and earth may pass away,' but his word, never.

When Grandfather was a Boy.

(By Mary R. Morgan.)

One stormy winter evening, as we were all sitting round the table, either reading or studying, my brother exclaimed, impatiently, ' I wish that lamp would give a decent light !'

Grandfather looked up from his paper, and said, reprovingly, ' When I was a boy, Jack, if we had had such a light as this, we would have thought ourselves fortunate, indeed !'

Upon this my younger sister cried out, ' Tell us about when you were a little boy, and what kind of lights you had, won't you, grandpa ?'

Nothing loth, grandfather laid down his paper and began.

' When I was a little boy, Daisy, we had no stoves, but fire-places, made of brick or stone. The past seems to come before me like a living picture, and I can see myself with my brothers and sisters, studying by the light of the old fire-place, now and then putting some shavings on the fire to make it burn more brightly ; my mother, sitting at one end of the fire-place with her spinning wheel, dressed in her dark homespun, with snowy cap and 'kerchief, while my father, who was a cooper, would be working at his bench in another part of the room.'

' But how could he see to work ?' asked Daisy.

' Oh, he had a small tin lamp, filled with whale oil, or a candle,' replied grandfather.

' Please tell us something that happened when you yere a boy, grandpa,' asked twelve-year-old Jack.

' I remember something that happened when I was about your age,' said grandfather. ' In those days it was not the custom, as it is now, to get up a sufficient quantity of wood to last through the year, but get up part during the winter. My father was suffering from rheumatism, and we had got out of good wood, and had only a few stocks of small, green wood left. It was much such a day as it has been to-day, bitterly cold and very stormy. We could not keep warm with the fuel we had, and my mother finally decided to send me to the nearest neighbor, and see if he would haul some wood for us. So they wrapped me up and sent me off. When I made known my errand to Mr. Burns, he declared it was too stormy to get any wood that day. So I returned home, and you can imagine how we felt. My father had about decided to send me to the next neighbor's, when I looked out of the window, and saw Mr. Burns driving in with some fine logs and some smaller wood. The wood was some that he had drawn for himself, but had not unloaded, and, after I had left, he had gone out, hitched up his oxen and started. My mother again wrapped me up, and I, taking my axe, went out to the wood. I cut as much of the woed as I could carry, and then took it into the house, and put it on the fire. The others, cold as they were, stood back, and let me warm myself. This was repeated until we had a good fire, and then my father hobbled out, and together we cut enough to last for a few days.'

' I should not like to have lived in those days,' said Daisy, thoughtfully.

' Come, children, it is time to go to bed,' called mother.

So, after thanking grandpa for his 'picture of the past,' we went to bed.—' Spectator,' Australia.

Poor, Wretched Blind.

John B. Gough, during a service of song in a Christian church, was asked by a man in a pew with him what was to be sung, as the announcement had not been heard. The questioner was most repulsive in appearance because of a nervous disease that disfigured his face and form. When the singing began, Gough was driven almost to a frenzy by the harsh and discordant tones of the singer by his side. But when the wretched creature sang:

'Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.'

he lifted his sightless eyes to Heaven and sang with his soul. The great orator in his impassioned and inimitable way said: 'I have heard the finest strains of orchestra, choir, and soloist this world can produce, but I never heard music until I heard that blind man sing

"O Lamb of God, I come, I come." '

—The 'Evangelist.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Sept. 1, Sun.—The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.

Sept. 2, Mon.—I delight to do thy will, O my God.

Sept. 3, Tues.—Blessed is he that considereth the poor.

Sept. 4, Wed.—God is our refuge and strength ,a very present help in trouble.

Sept. 5, Thur.—Call upon me in the day of trouble ; I will deliver thee.

Sept. 6, Fri.—O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

Sept. 7, Sat.—A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Mrs. Fisher's Silk Waist.

(By Pansy, in 'C. E. World.')

Everybody who knew Mrs. Fisher, knew that she had lost her black and white silk waist. She had lost a number of other valuables as well; there had been a steamboat accident, and much excitement and no little peril. All lives were saved, but all of the baggage was lost; Mrs. Fisher's hat-box with the rest. But the collars, and laces and wraps that had gone were as nothing compared with her black and white silk waist. She had told the minutest details concerning it to every friend she had, and had been condoled with until language, and possibly, in some instances, patience, had been exhausted. If she only had left it at home, as she did the skirt! Of what use was the skirt without the waist? It was of so peculiar a pattern that it would never look well with any other waist.

It was strange what an infatuation had taken possession of the dear lady. Her acquaintances began to say: 'Isn't it queer that Mrs. Fisher talks so much about her losses, or, rather, her loss? One would think that a black and white silk dress waist was the only article that hat-box contained!' Then they would laugh good-naturedly, and dismiss her from their minds. But Mrs. Fisher's family, her son and daughter, could not dispose of it so easily. Especially was her daughter Elinor troubled.

For two years, ever since, indeed, she had settled the great question for herself, Elinor had been longing to win her mother to a personal friendship with Jesus Christ. Thus far every effort had been a failure. Mrs. Fisher had a kind heart and genial ways, but she had not been trained in a Christian home, and really knew very little indeed about the personal attraction of religion. The subject seemed to her a solemn one, important for old people and frail people who were liable to sudden death. But why the young, or the middle-aged, who were strong and healthy, should concern themselves with such matters she could not understand.

All through the autumn, whenever Elinor had read bits from Dr. Walker's addresses made in different cities, she had wished that her mother might hear him. And now, behold, he was in their own city for a two weeks' stay, and was speaking every afternoon and evening, and Mrs. Fisher could not be coaxed to put herself under his power.

Sunday morning was as clear and beautiful a day as could be desired, and Elinor Fisher was happy. At last the wind did not blow, nor a suspicion of a cloud suggest a possible shower, and it was neither too warm nor too cold: there had positively been no excuse for Mrs. Fisher to urge against attendance at morning service, and Dr. Walker was to preach in their own church.

Elinor watched her mother narrowly at first, disappointed that she did not see a look of intense interest in her face. Then her own interest deepened so rapidly that she forgot her mother, until, turning suddenly after an unusually thrilling appeal, she caught such a look of wonder and delight on the mother's face as made her bow her own in a rush of happy tears. At last, O at last, her precious mother had been reached! It was near the close of the service now; she could hardly wait for the hymn and the prayer. She wanted to introduce her mother to Dr. Walker, and let him answer the questions her eyes were asking.

Mrs. Fisher hardly waited for the 'Amen' of the benediction before she caught her daughter's arm.

'My dear, do you see that girl in the third seat from us? Do you notice what she has on? My identical black and white silk!'

'Oh, mother!'

Elinor's tone arrested her mother's thought for a moment.

'Why, child!' she said, 'I mean, of course, one like it. Who is she? Speak to her, dear, and ask her where she bought it. Hers is quite new, and she must have got it from some other city; there isn't a yard of it in this one; so much I am sure of; but I could send, you know; hurry, child, and ask her about it before we lose sight of her.'

'Mother! I cannot. That is Miss Sunderland. I never spoke to her in my life, and, besides, it is Sunday. Oh, mother, I thought——'

'Miss Sunderland!' repeated Mrs. Fisher, awed for the moment. 'Do you really mean that girl who is so very wealthy? She doesn't look it; her dress is simplicity itself; though that was a very fine silk; I always told you so. "Sunday," child! what if it is? A simple question about where one bought a dress can't be wicked. I wish you knew her, Elinor; or, even if you don't, there would be no harm in a civil question; she is only a girl, not much older than you. Couldn't you just ask her, dear?'

Elinor detailed her disappointment to her brother Andrew that afternoon, and was almost provoked at him because he could not help laughing at it, and making a caricature of her rushing up to ask the famous Miss Sunderland where she bought her dress.

'I don't see how you can laugh,' she said, 'Mother did not even seem to hear what Dr. Walker was talking about; and I had hoped so much from this service!'

'My dear sister,' he said soothingly, 'we might as well laugh as cry; you will not deny that there is a laughable side to it.'

'But Andrew——' a moment's hesitation, then, with faltering voice, 'I prayed about this, and I thought I was answered, and I don't understand.'

'No,' Andrew was grave enough now, 'We don't understand, little sister, any of us; and, when we do not, we must trust.'

But the very next Sunday he found it easy not to laugh, and extremely hard not to flash out some indignant word at his mother, to be regretted afterwards. They had heard much about the black and white silk during the week, but had hoped against hope that the Sunday service would give them relief. Lo! who should be seated this time directly in line with their pew, but Miss Sunderland dressed in the identical silk gown that so moved Mrs. Fisher's desires? It seemed like a fatality. The glance that the mother gave to her obstinate daughter had both reproach and triumph in it, and Elinor felt that Dr. Walker might preach in Hebrew if he chose, so far as her mother was concerned.

As soon as the benediction was pronounced, what did that indefatigable woman do but lean across the aisle, touch the wondering heiress on the shoulder, and say, quite as she would have spoken to an intimate friend of Eleanor's, 'My dear, excuse me, but may I ask you a question?' and the two walked down the aisle together, the elderly lady in animated talk.

For once in his life Andrew Fisher scolded so loud, on the way home, that his distressed sister had twice to remind him that they were on the public street. It was she who had to bear the scolding, for their mother walked home with a neighbour, serene and innocent

"EXCUSE ME, BUT MAY I ASK YOU A QUESTION?"

At the dinner-table Mrs. Fisher said, with a note of triumph in her voice: 'What do you think ? That charming Miss Sunderland not only told me where she bought her dress, but all about it. She bought the entire pattern, and is sure that no more can be had; but she has enough for a second waist, and has decided that she doesn't want it; so she is going to let me have it. She says she will be passing this way to-morrow and will stop with it herself.'

Elinor dropped her fork in utter dismay, and looked at Andrew; so did Mrs. Fisher.

'Oh, you needn't frown, Andrew; I observed all the proprieties. She is going to let me pay for it, of course; I didn't ask it as a gift. I didn't ask for it at all; I should not have dreamed of such a thing; it was offered freely; and, when I said that of course I would pay her whatever it cost, she said very sweetly that we could arrange all that to-morrow. Well, Andrew, what now!' For that perverse young man had burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, in which presently Elinor joined.

'It seems to me,' said Mrs. Fisher, looking like an injured robin, 'that my children are always laughing at me. I am sure I have said nothing amusing.'

'It's of no use, Elinor,' said her brother when he could speak; 'laughing is the only resource. My dear mother, you are certainly unique; what you may do next to surprise and delight us cannot be prophesied.'

'The very next thing I shall do to-morrow will be to send for my dressmaker,' said Mrs. Fisher, who had already become reconciled to her children's laughter.

She evidently spent a large portion of the remainder of the day in determining how to have the beloved waist made. Of what use to ask her to go to hear Dr. Walker any more? In truth, both Elinor and Andrew were humiliated to the very dust. That their mother should actually have approached the young woman who was reported to count her wealth by millions, and not only have asked about the dress she wore, but offered to buy a few yards from her, was almost inconceivable!

'She probably thinks that mother is a harmless lunatic,' said Andrew, 'and being benevolently inclined, has decided to indulge her. We must just let it alone, Elinor, and endure. To attempt to interfere now would be worse than useless.'

The next day Miss Sunderland came in her carriage while Elinor was at school and Andrew at the office, and that evening at dinner the mother was in raptures over her sweetness and brightness and general goodness. And her children endured. As the days passed it became apparent that Mrs. Fisher and Miss Sunderland were growing intimate. The latter's carriage had twice called and carried away the mother for a drive, and kept her away for hours, and she had returned quiet and apparently absorbed in her own thoughts.

It happened that Miss Sunderland was a veritable daughter of the King; and that during her first week-day interview with Mrs. Fisher she had said, 'I hope you liked Dr. Walker very much yesterday.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Fisher, after a moment's hesitation, 'to tell you the truth, I didn't like him at all. I don't like to say so; for my children are just carried away with him, and want me to be; but I did not understand what he was trying to accomplish; and he seemed to me severe, and stern, and all sorts of cold, unlovely things. Do you think, Miss Sunderland, that I am too old to wear a little pink with this dress? I am so fond of pink, and my husband always liked to see me in it.'

'Perhaps not,' said the wary Miss Sunderland, 'but I should like it ever so much better worn with white; and that would be especially becoming to you. Mrs. Fisher, I have a friend that I would like you to hear preach. He is holding meetings every afternoon at a church down on Morris street. If I call for you some afternoon, will you go there with me to hear him?'

And Mrs. Fisher, who felt very grateful to Miss Sunderland, and did not mind being called for in her carriage, promised to go, and went. Miss Sunderland's friend, a white-haired servant of God, who had spent his life in trying to reveal Jesus Christ to people who did not understand him, spoke to Mrs. Fisher's heart, caught her wayward thoughts and held them captive, and so presented his Friend and Saviour that there came into her heart a great longing to have him for her Friend. After that the way was easy; and one day in little Mrs. Fisher's heart the new life commenced.

'Children,' she said to her son and daughter as they lingered at the dinner-table one evening after she had been out with Miss Sunderland all the afternoon, 'children, I've got something to tell you; it isn't about my silk waist, either,' with a little laugh; 'it is something very important and very beautiful.'

Then she told the old story how Jesus Christ had found her, and blessed her, and clothed her in his righteousness, and made her his own.

* * * * * * * *

'It's of no use for Andrew to talk nonsense,' said Mrs. Fisher with her sweetest little laugh. 'Of course, I expected him to marry some day, and I was always looking about me and wondering which girl among them would be my daughter-in-law, and trying to get reconciled to first one and then another; but I never once thought of Andrew that day when I first spoke to Nellie Sunderland; I was thinking of nothing in the world but my black and white silk waist; and I never thought of it for months afterwards! So, when he tells you that I found his wife for him, and brought her home with me, you needn't believe a word he says.'

She was giving a little informal reception that evening to a few friends of her very own, in honor of her new daughter, and she wore a new black and white silk dress with soft full white garniture, and looked as well in it as she had done in that other one that was second-best now.

In the course of the evening her new daughter murmured: 'Mother, you look charming in that soft fluffy white. Don't you know I told you you would, that first afternoon?'

And the daughter, Elinor, looked on with eyes that shone, and yet had a suspicion of many tears in them. How very strangely her prayer for her mother had been answered! but it had been answered.

What Following Means

(By Hope Daring, in 'Sunday-School Times.')

It was story time with the Temple children. That was the twilight hour, when the red glow of the sunset fades slowly from the western sky, and the gray shadows creep up from—it would be hard to say where, and, after filling the room, blot out the view from the window.

As it was October, story time came before supper. They were gathered in front of the dining-room grate, where a small fire crackled and danced. The table was ready for supper when Mr. Temple and Uncle John came from milking the cows and caring for the horses in the great barn across the road.

The story was about Matthew, the disciple of Jesus. Mrs. Temple had told it so plainly that the children had seemed to see the busy streets of Capernaum. They were sure the sun was shining, and that his rays fell with special tenderness upon the figure of Jesus as he made his way along to where, in a large room, Matthew sat at his work of receiving and caring for the money the law required the Jews to pay. Then Jesus called Matthew to follow him. The mother explained that 'following' meant more than just to walk after him. It meant loving him well enough to obey him in all things.

'Of course, Matthew went,' Franz said, leaning on the arm of his mother's chair. 'Any one would have done that.'

'If things were only like that now,' and Katie's round face grew grave. 'I wish we could follow him, mama.'

'We can, dear.'

The children did not understand. Mrs. Temple went on, lifting baby Paul to her lap.

'If we listen, we shall hear, deep down in our hearts, the voice of Jesus calling us to follow him. The way is not always easy, but he is always with us. When one follows Jesus he forgets all about self.'

Just then Mr. Temple entered the kitchen door, a pail brimming with milk in each hand. Mrs. Temple rose and hurried away. Franz lingered by the fire a few minutes, thinking about his mother's story.

Supper was soon ready. Franz did not forget about Matthew, even when he was enjoying the slices of fresh brown-bread and butter, the baked apples and cream, and the great sugared doughnuts. It seemed an easy thing to follow closely after Jesus, not only then, but all through the pleasant evening, when Franz and Katie drew pictures with colored crayons.

Neither did it seem a difficult thing to do the next morning. The air was warm, the sun shone brightly, and the leaves on the big maple by the gate looked as if they were bits of flame. Franz did his work cheerily, and marched away to school whistling, and still thinking of Matthew.

The recollection faded a little as the day went by. There were lessons to think of, besides games and sports. During the noon intermission Franz suddenly remembered.

'I say, Boys,' Robert Marsh cried, 'old Mr. Lane picked his apples in the orchard down the road yesterday. When I came to school this morning, there was a heap of fall pippins by the gate. There were bushels of them, and they were great golden beauties. Let's run down and fill our pockets. There'll be plenty of time before the bell rings.'

'Of course, it's not stealing,' Robert went on, as the boys hesitated. 'The apples will lie there and rot, as like as not. Besides, what's a few apples, any way? Come on, Franz.'

'No, I'm not going,' Franz said, his face very red.

'Why not?'

'Because, because'—Franz stopped. Robert did not understand about Matthew.

'Why not?' Robert asked again, a little crossly that time.

'Because I think it is wrong to take Mr. Lane's apples.'

'Oh, the little goody-goody! He's afraid! I didn't s'pose you was such a baby. Come on, boys,' and away they ran.

Franz swallowed a strange lump that came in his throat. He was not afraid. He would show—

Then he stopped. No, it was not easy.

Perhaps it had not been for Matthew. Doubtless his friends had not understood.

'It's all right,' Franz said to himself.

He was happy, although when the boys came back they did not forget to ridicule him. Franz thought it strange that they should say really cruel things to him. Then he remembered again—remembered that he had sometimes hurt the people whom he loved.

'I won't do it again,' he whispered, adding, a moment later, 'Following means a lot.'

On their way home that night, Franz and Katie were accompanied by a half-dozen of their schoolmates. As they drew near the Temple barn, a cry broke from Katie's lips.

'See! Oh, see!'

Following the direction of her pointing finger, they saw a sight which filled them with fear. A tall windmill stood in the yard, and on the platform at the top was baby Paul. A slight breeze fluttered the skirt of his blue gingham dress, and his rosy face was aglow with delight.

Franz understood all. Uncle John had ascended the mill that day to oil the gearing. Paul had seen him, and as Uncle John had neglected to remove the box which enabled him to reach the first step, the little fellow had tried the perilous ascent. He had reached the top in safety, but a single misstep would result in instant death.

The frightened children stood still, their breath coming hard and fast. A paralyzing fear had possession of Franz—he was unable to either stir or speak.

Paul moved as if he was about to try the descent. The tones of his shrill little voice came to them, but they could distinguish no words.

In that instant of awful fear, Franz remembered. He remembered that following meant not only obeying, but also being guided and helped. His fear passed. There came to him an understanding of what he must do.

'Keep still, every one of you!' he said to his companions. Then he shouted:

'Brother is coming up to you, Paul. Sit down, and watch him. Sit just as still.'

The child sat down, one plump arm round a timber near. Franz climbed quickly but steadily. He had never been upon the windmill, but he did not hesitate.

Up and up he went. He dared not let himself think of what would follow if Paul approached too near the edge of the platform. His own danger never occurred to him. Up he climbed, thinking only of how he could most quickly make the ascent.

He reached the top, drew himself to a sitting posture on the platform, and clutched Paul in his arms. The little fellow laughed merrily.

'Nice place for Paul and brother. See way, way off.'

Franz was sick and faint. He tried to shout to his schoolmates directions for calling his father, but his voice died away in a hoarse whisper. However, at that moment Uncle John came leisurely round the corner of the barn. It took but a few words to explain matters.

Uncle John climbed up, and brought Paul down in his arms. He bade Franz wait until he could return and help him. Franz was glad to do so; for the excitement, added to the distance he found himself from the earth, made his head swim.

'Say, Franz, I'm sorry I called you a baby. You're prime,' Robert shouted, before they reached the earth.

Franz smiled faintly. As his mother drew him close in her arms, he whispered, 'You were right; following is forgetting self. I'm glad, mama, following is not going alone.'

The Broken School.

('Alliance News.')

The story that I am about to tell you, reader, is absolutely true in essence and in fact, save for the discretionary substitution of names and persons and places.

A good many years ago I was resident in a large provincial town. I had a good business of my own, the nature of which gave me considerable leisure time, cared I to accept it, instead of directing my energy into paths of further profit.

I was a young man with a light heart and a great love for merry company. A dear friend, the man I liked best of all my acquaintances, a well-educated, well-read, sterling fellow, whose friendship I regarded as an honor, and whom I thought the very soul of integrity and uprightness, one morning invited me into a tavern for a nip, saying, 'Come, and I'll introduce you to a few of the best fellows you ever met in your life.'

At this time I was, I suppose, what you would call a moderate drinker.

We descended into a sort of wine cellar, a quiet, cosy, alluring, semi-secret place, where there were assembled some half dozen young fellows, to whom I was introduced. They were all fairly well-to-do men, none of them earning less than £300 a year, while one had a salary of £800 and another £500. The majority represented big London firms, then there were one or two professional men, practising for themselves, and others in very good positions.

It was their custom to meet every morning (save Sunday), at this rendezvous, to have a drink and a chat; and, also, at other frequent intervals during the day. I was very soon a full-fledged and popular member of the school, and a very regular pupil, too. I had never met a jollier lot of chaps in my life. I can hear the walls of that veritable little hell now, echoing our peals of merry laughter, our jokes, our witticisms.

Whiskey and soda was the general order of the day, but instead of having one drink, and then returning to our respective avocations, we found our own company so fascinating that it seemed we could not sever ourselves quickly; consequently it became the custom to seldom separate until we had consumed at least three or four drinks; and, furthermore, some of us invariably arranged, as our engagements permitted, to meet again in the afternoon. There was a little anteroom adjacent to the bar, that our school practically monopolized, so frequent became our visits to it.

Were I to tell you the number of drinks that I myself could, and did, consume every day during my connection with these fellows (and I was perhaps the most temperate of the lot), I fear you would hardly credit the statement. For nearly twelve months I continued this daily drinking, until the time arrived when I realized that, if I did not leave the town altogether, and so cut the cord that was binding me tighter and tighter to the stake of downfall, degradation, and damnation, I was a doomed man; I knew it would be utterly futile to remain in the district, even though I renounced intoxicating drink; so great would be the temptation to resume the life that had, I must admit, the greatest fascinations for me.

Prior to this decision I had heard certain rumors concerning at least two members of the school. They had been sadly neglecting their businesses and much worse. But you shall hear all.

I sold my business at a great loss. I threw away excellent commercial prospects (I would not have remained in that town for £5,000 a year), and I went to London to live.

My great friend, whom I shall call Harry Hudson, he who, quite innocently, had been my introducer to the fatal school, promised to keep me posted in all interesting local news. Harry was a far-seeing, comparativly careful fellow, who knew where to draw the line, so that I feared not for him.

Some two months after my departure, I heard that one of the youngest members, who had been in receipt of £300 a year, plus a liberal allowance for expenses, had been discharged from his berth for embezzlement, neglect of work, and drinking. Poor Lionel!

My next information, but a few months afterwards, was to the effect that Charley James, a married man, with several young children, had lost his situation through having been found in his office by one of the governors, who had gone down from London specially to see him on important business, hopelessly intoxicated at midday. His salary had been £500 per annum.

The next news I read in a local newspaper that was sent me.

Tom Smithers, by far the wittiest member of that dreadful school, and a brilliantly educated fellow, with a truly great professional career before him, a man of twenty-four years of age, surrounded by influential friends, had been sent to seven years' penal servitude for the committal, when intoxicated, of an offence the nature of which I would prefer not to reveal in these columns. Poor Tom, he could no more have perpetrated such a vile deed in his sober moments than he could have flown. I do not know which of the two cases, viz., that which I have just related or the following, upset me most.

When you realize, reader, that I had been so closely related to these poor fellows, having been in their merry company almost daily for twelve months, you may be able to partially conceive the shock I received on hearing the news of these terrible tragedies that o'ertook them.

Again the local press told me a horrid tale. Twelve months had not expired, mark you, since I took my leave of these fateful friends. Jim Holt, a handsome young fellow, with a charming voice that he knew well how to use when singing, and a splendid physique, had been found dead in bed, he having committed suicide by taking poison, when under the influence of drink. Embezzlement had also doubtless been a potent factor in prompting the taking of his own life.

The school was now rapidly breaking up, although there were still a few of the original frequenters left, viz., my dear, cautious friend, Harry Hudson Philip Watson, and one or two others.

The next to collapse was Philip. He was the man in receipt of £800 a year, as representative of a large London firm. He had a fine suite of offices and a big staff of clerks; but the demon drink had got a firm hold of him, and one day he was politely informed that, unless he cleared out of the country within a very short time, he would be arrested for misappropriation of money.

He quietly fled, and the last I heard of him was that he was a common messenger in one of the colonies.

You will remember the first case I cited, reader, of Lionel, the young fellow whose salary had been £300 a year. Well, I should further tell you, in reference to him, that, through great influence another excellent appointment, worth, I believe, £600 per annum, was secured for him abroad. He had been a teetotaler since his narrow escape from prosecution and had faithfully promised his friends to remain one all his future life.

He sailed for foreign shores, to take up

his splendid new berth, with the best of wishes from his relations and numerous friends. He was full of hope and promise, but, on the voyage, he broke his pledge, and drank and drank to such an extent that, on arriving at his port of disembarkation, he was nearly insane, and had to be sent back home by the first returning vessel.

God only knows what eventually became of him.

Harry Hudson was the last prominent representative of that broken school; and, so dejected and sorrow-stricken did he become when he reviewed the awful catastrophe that had overtaken our friends, that he decided to leave the town, and, like me, go to London and try his fortune there.

He duly advised me of his decision, and when he arrived in town, I immediately called on him at his hotel.

I can see Harry now, as I saw him on that lovely summer morning, walking down the grand stairway to greet me. He looked the picture of health; he was faultlessly dressed, as indeed was his wont, and he wore a pleasant, hopeful smile.

Well, he settled in town, and eventually secured an appointment. We remained staunch friends, and many were the occasions on which we recalled the pleasant days that were once, and their dreadful, saddening sequel. I was practically an abstainer now, but Harry continued drinking, much to my dislike. He said he found it necessary to drown the thoughts of the broken school. As I have previously stated, he was a cautious man, and a fairly moderate drinker; but, reader, believe me when I tell you that this so-called moderation in the consumption of intoxicating liquor is a misnomer, a snare, an 'ignis fatuus,' a very devil in disguise. Beware of it! Shun it as you would the plague. Have none of it.

Harry was but human. Why, then, with all his caution, his moderation, his superior education, his refinement, should he be proof against the insidious fiend, the hell-hound, the murderer?

He was not. No, poor soul; he was not. He fell, and fell, and fell.

I could do nothing but look on and mourn. Advice he cast to the winds. The devil had him now firm in his grip, as firm as though he were within the jaws of a vice.

He lost his appointment; he sank, and sank, down, down he went, until within eighteen months of his arrival in London he was walking the streets like a beggar.

I and other friends helped him so far as our means would permit. But he was too far gone. All he wanted now was drink, drink.

Think of it, reader, ponder over it.

Picture the contrast.

A well-dressed, handsome, refined gentleman, walking down the grand stairway of one of London's best hotels—an interval of less than one year and a half—and then a drink-sodden, ragged, abandoned outcast. Great God! And this is what drink does for those who will not heed a timely warning.

Harry Hudson, the last member of that broken school, had to find shelter in a refuge for homeless, hopeless, penniless paupers. After a time he left this charity institute, and drifted eastwards, with the stream on which floats life's flotsam and jetsam. I know not what eventually came of him, but I found out afterwards that a writ had been issued for his arrest for fraud and forgery. Now, my friends, I have told you a true story of the wreck, the complete ruin, the awful catastrophes that overtook these personal friends of my own. 'Tis no fiction you've read but bare, painful, stubborn facts, the memory of which clings to me with fearful persistency. I marvel at my own miraculous escape. The words 'intoxicating drink,' believe me, are but a synonym for hell.

Waver not, then, on the brink. Be strong, be determined, be teetotal.

Accept a grave warning from the tale of 'The Broken School.'

A Social Boycott.

(By May Ellis Nichols, in 'Union Signal.')

'Is there any new business to be taken up this afternoon?' said the president in a disheartened tone.

There was a long pause; then a tall, thin woman with black eyes, Martha Dunning by name, said, 'If I proposed anything it would be that we adjourn for good and all.'

'What! Give up?' said the president.

'Exactly,' Mrs. Dunning replied.

The president looked inquiringly from one to another; they were self-contained, silent women and she could not read their faces, but one or two shut their lips tightly and nodded an affirmative.

'You did not make it as a motion, did you, Mrs. Dunning?' asked the president.

'I did not,' answered Mrs. Dunning, 'but I will. I move that the Greenboro W. C. T. U. disband.' There was a moment of profound silence, and then a half-audible voice at the back of the room seconded the motion. A passing breeze lifted the lace curtain at the parlor window and brought in the fragrance of the lilacs. The large cherry tree at the gate was in full bloom, too, and from its topmost branch a robin was telling its mate what a feast there would be in July. It was a day to hope and plan and begin, not to give up. The slave of parliamentary rules had no choice, however, so she reluctantly put the motion.

'It is moved and seconded that the Greenboro W. C. T. U. disband. Are there any remarks? '

Every eye was turned on Mrs. Dunning, the maker of the motion.

'I have no remarks to make,' she said. 'I suppose you all know why I made that motion. It is ten years since this society was formed, and six years since we had a license in the village. We have worked, the most of us, the whole ten years. You all know how hard it has been and how discouraging at first; but after we had once carried our point I hoped it was settled for all time. If, after all these years, a hotel keeper in Greenboro can get a license, and has the face to come here and sell whiskey, why keep on the useless fight? I, for one, have no more strength to give it.'

'If it were a stranger,' began Sophia Bacon, a woman whose pale eyes seemed really pulled back by her close drawn hair, 'if it were a stranger that proposed to run a licensed house here, it would seem a little different, but Almeda Long's boy, who was born here, an' got all the schoolin' he ever had in our district school, an' only moved away five years ago come this fall—for Jamie Long to come back and do such a thing, why—it might as well be my Willie or your John, Miss Shaw!'

'I guess Mary Long was never as strict as she might have been with him,' said Mrs. Shaw, ignoring the personal allusion. 'They always kep' cider in the cellar when they lived on the farm; used to keep it sweet with wintergreen.'

'Did Mary visit you when she was here this spring?' asked Mrs. Roberts, the large woman in the corner, of Sarah Blain, the little spinster beside her. The discussion was drifting somewhat, but they had the afternoon before them.

'Yes,' Sarah replied. 'She came to dinner, and I never knew a thing about her coming till the night before. Had to go to the store and get mackerel for dinner—you know the butcher only peddles Wednesdays and Saturdays. Mr. Bruce said he could tell where Mary was a-visitin' from day to day, for mos' everybody had come for mackerel.'

'Did she tell you anything about Jamie?' asked Mrs. Roberts.

'Yes,' Sarah continued; 'said he was staying at her house then in Westport. His wife had been at her mother's till her baby was a few weeks old and had just come back to keep house for him while Mary was here. He was tending bar, she said, but he just took the job till he could look round and find something else to do. I've noticed, though, that, when a man once begins to tend bar he hardly ever finds anything else to do.'

'Well,' said the president, quietly recalling them to the order of the day 'has anybody else any remarks?'

Mrs. Bean, a little woman with a delicate, careworn face, rose to her feet and addressed the chair. It was such an unusual formality in the Greenboro W. C. T. U. that it commanded attention at once.

'Ten years ago,' she began, in a low, intense voice, 'I organized this society and was your first president. The most of you know that my father fought the fight before me; that he was a Prohibitionist when that name was considered synonymous with fanatic and when it took a little moral courage to bear it. When he knew his life was near its end he asked, "Who will take up my work for temperance?" I sat by his bedside and answered, "I wish I were a man, with a man's strength to give to it; but, as far as a woman can do a man's work, your mantle shall fall upon me." It is a sacred charge. I cannot give it up. As long as I live there will be one W.C.T.U. member in Greenboro.'

Her impassioned words were electrical in their effect. 'Can you suggest anything that we can do?' was asked.

'Yes, tell us something to do,' came from others.

'I lay and thought and prayed long into the night last night,' said Mrs. Bean, 'and this thought came to me.' Then, while they listened in breathless silence, she outlined her plan. At the close there were some approving nods, though many were evidently only half convinced.

'It seems kind o' mean,' said Mrs. Roberts; 'his wife seems a real nice girl, an' mos' likely ain't to blame at all.'

'Yes, and that poor, little, innocent baby!' said a pink-cheeked young matron. She had a baby of her own.

'It is cruel,' said Esther Bean, solemnly. 'Liquor selling is a cruel business, and it is the law of One higher than ourselves that the innocent must suffer with the guilty.'

The summer passed quickly. The clover turned brown and the wheat gold. The crickets began their prophecy of autumn and the days shortened till the lights were lighted at teatime. There were no guests at the Greenboro Hotel one evening in early October. James Long and his young wife sat opposite each other, while in a high chair by the mother's side a chubby, fifteen-months-old baby, kicked his little heels against the chair, keeping time on his tray with a spoon.

'Ma, Ma, Ma!' said the baby.

'Mama's treasure,' said the mother kissing one dimpled hand.

'Isn't Jamie a little hoarse?' asked the father, looking fondly at his namesake.

'You notice it, too! I am afraid he has taken cold. The nights are so chilly. How I wish mother were here! I have no idea what to do for him.'

'Suppose you run over and ask Mrs. Bean. She has had a good deal of experience with children.'

She waited so long without replying that he thought she had not heard, and repeated: 'I said, why don't you ask Mrs. Bean what to do?'

'Because,' her voice was scarcely audible, 'I cannot ask her nor any one else to help me. I have not one friend in Greenboro.' Then, giving way to some of her pent-up feeling, 'Oh, James, don't you know that not one woman in this town has ever set foot in our house since we moved into it! They shun us as if we had the plague.'

His face flushed hot. 'We can get along without them, I guess.'

'No, I can't, if you can,' she burst out; 'I would rather die than go on living as I have lived these six months. They drop into each other's houses and take little dainties and fruits. They take their sewing and sit for an hour or two in the afternoon. I see them chattering in the streets and at their gates, but they do not even look at me. I alone of all the women in this town have no friends, no neighbors. Why, even the children shun us! The other day little Bessie Ross stopped a minute to play with the baby and I asked her to come in. She looked frightened and said, "My mama told me I was to have nothing at all to do with you."

'The snobs! As if we were not every bit as good as they!'

'It is not that, James,' his wife went on. 'Any honest work is respected here. The blacksmith moved here when we did, and his wife is invited out with the minister's and the doctor's wife.'

'What do you think it is, then?' her husband asked, with feigned curiosity.

'Think!' The fire had dried her eyes. 'Think! I do not think, I know. We are outcasts because we get the very bread we eat with these women's hearts' blood. I have not told you the worst. I had no milk left for Jamie last night, so I went to Mrs. Norton's to see if I could buy a pint, and'—she almost choked with the word—'she asked me why I did not give my child the same drink I did hers, and shut the door in my face.'

'She said that to you! I'll——'

She put her hand on his arm. 'Can you blame her? Harry Norton is her only son. He has been here dead drunk half the time since we came. Oh, Jamie, Oh, my husband!' Her voice broke and her eyes filled with tears. 'Let us stop this hateful business.'

'But I have to earn a living. I can't let you and little Jamie starve,' he answered doggedly.

A hoarse cough from the baby cut short the discussion and the mother undressed him and put him to bed, tucking him in his little white crib with more than usual care. In a few moments he was fast asleep and the mother's anxiety slumbered too.

It was perhaps three in the morning when Alice Long was awakened by the terrible hoarse cry that strikes such terror to a mother's heart. In a moment she was by the crib, and the father had made a light. The poor little face was drawn and discolored with the terrible struggle, and every breath came half groan, half gasp.

What should she do? What did they do for croup? She tried to think, but only one thought came: 'He is dying! My baby is dying!' No time now to balance social niceties. She put little Jamie into his father's arms, and in her bare feet, without so much as a shawl over her white gown, sped up the silent street to Mrs. Bean's door.

Was it hours or days before a window was raised over her head and a woman's sleepy voice said, 'Who's there and what do you want?'

'It's I, Mrs. Bean, Alice Long, and baby is choking to death, and oh, please, won't you come?'

'Of course I will' came the voice, punctuated by the closing window, and in a moment a figure in a wrapper and slippers was running down the street. Into the boycotted tavern door she went, straight up stairs, where a wild-eyed young thing was rocking back and forth with a panting baby in her arms and a grief-stricken man kneeling beside her.

Esther Bean took in the situation while she held out her hands for the baby, and, with a tact born of long experience, gave her first attention to the distracted young mother. When she had dispatched her to the kitchen to start a fire and heat some water she turned to the father.

'Don't be so frightened,' she said. 'I'll just run home and get some medicine; I always keep it on hand. The Bean children are all croupy, you know.'

She was backed before the mother had finished her mercifully imposed task. In a few moments the home remedies began to take effect and two hours afterward the baby had dropped asleep.

When Mrs. Bean arose to go James Long and his wife both held out their hands, while he said:

'You were so good to come. How can we ever thank you?'

'Could anyone refuse at such a time?' she answered.

'No, indeed,' broke in Alice. 'You have children of your own; you know our feelings.'

Mrs. Bean held a hand of each and looked at the young couple long and earnestly.

'My children,' she said—'for you are young enough to be my children—you did not hesitate to ask help when in danger. You knew that no one would refuse you. You learned in one brief moment the awful agony of fearing for its precious little life. You do not know—God grant you may never know—what it would really be to lose him. What would you think of me if, instead of helping your darling, I had given him some deadly drug to increase his suffering, or perhaps to end his life? You said just now that I had children of my own—I have; that I understood your feelings—I do. Can you not understand mine? You believe I love my little ones. They are in danger, too—in danger body and soul. I come begging you for help for my dear ones. I am afraid of the awful temptation a licensed bar offers in a town like this. What answer do you make me and my neighbors? With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again.'

She dropped their hands and clasping her own to her breast stood waiting his reply. Alice began to sob and buried her face on her husband's shoulder.

It was the great crisis in James Long's life. For months his baser passions had had possession of him; but the silent influence brought to bear had not been without effect, the talk of the evening before had prepared the way and the incident of the night had cleared his vision and brought his better nature to the surface; and now, in the first flush of the new dawn, he was called upon to decide. The call came to him as to the prophets of old, 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.' He flushed, then grew pale as the fight went on, but as the first clear flash of the rising sun fell upon his face it was transfigured with a higher light, as he said:

'God helping me, from this day on, I will do unto others as I would have them do unto me and mine.'

A Single Idle Word.

'I was not a bad young man,' said an elderly gentleman lately, 'but was given to fun, enjoyed a good time, and while not usually vulgar or low in my conversation, had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and could not always resist the temptation to make an apt rejoinder, even when it involved some coarseness.

'A party of us were camping, mostly young fellows, but one or two were middle-aged men. We had a good time, and there was only one thing to regret, and that I have regretted all my life. We sat around the fire the first evening, telling stories, and a story which one of the older men told suggested an obscene comment, which I uttered before I thought twice.

'I could have bitten my tongue off the next instant. The man simply looked straight at me for a moment across the fire, and I knew that he had judged me by that remark. I knew that I did not deserve the opinion which in that instant he formed of me; but I also knew that I had given him just cause to estimate me as he did. That one careless word did not fairly represent me, but I could not deny that it was my own.

'All that night I lay looking up at the stars and thinking of what I had said. I could almost have counted on my fingers all the other sentences of like character that I had ever spoken. I was not habitually vulgar, but for that one word, and all like words and thoughts, I despised myself.

'I determined to be so careful during the remainder of the week as to redeem myself in the sight of that man; the others knew me better. But a telegram called him back to the city next morning and I saw him infrequently after that.

'He always treated me civilly when we met, but I never saw him without feeling that he measured me by that word. I had opportunities to show him that I was not wholly bad, but they were too few to give a comprehensive view of my character, or really to influence his opinion of me.

'In a strange way, after a year or two had passed, my name was mentioned for a position which was desirable, and which I seemed likely to secure, but this man was one of three to decide the matter. Without positively knowing how it came about, I could never doubt that a quiet intimation that he considered me unfit was what defeated me.

'Later I found a situation which, although a good one, was in a very different line of work from what I had chosen, and I have never doubted that my whole life was changed by that idle word.

'Did I learn the lesson? Yes, I did! My habit, now almost lifelong, has made impurity, even in its milder forms, repulsive. The memory of that incident has stopped many a hasty utterance, and in the years that followed it the warning of the Divine Teacher has added a sense of responsibility to the sense of shame. "I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give good account thereof in the day of judgment." '—'Youth's Companion.'

Great Bargains.

Readers of the 'Messenger' who are not now taking the 'Witness' or 'World Wide' would profit greatly by taking advantage of one of our Trial Trip Club Offers, announced on the last page of this paper. The 'Witness' has kept pace with the times and continues to be the standard of responsible journalism in this country. Both the Daily and Weekly 'Witness' have credit throughout Canada for promptness and accuracy in the publishing of news, and for sincerity and independence in the matter of Editorial Comment.

Those that have not taken 'World Wide' will make its acquaintance with great pleasure. The publishers will appreciate the assistance of the 'Messenger' subscribers in making known the interesting offers on the last page. Perhaps some would be so good as to pin them up in conspicuous place in store or office.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

AH—HOW BIG AND RIPE THEY ARE!

Ripe Cherries.

Mother says I've had enough,
  But with her I don't agree.
Such a lot of cherries here—
  Surely there are some for me!

Mother's gone to milk the cow;
  No one else is in the house;
No one heard me as I came
  Creeping in like any mouse.

Ah—how big and ripe they are!
  Shall I take some? Who will know,
If I only take a few,
  Eat them quickly up, and go?

No, I mustn't, after all;
  I forgot "Someone" could see,
What was that short text I learnt?
  'Thou, God, seest even me.'
—'Little Dots.'

Dorothy's Defeat.

(By Kate S. Gates.)

Dorothy had been sick with a hard cold; she was much better now, but still a prisoner in mamma's room.

'I have two pieces of news,' said mamma, one morning, as she came in with Dorothy's breakfast and an open letter in her hand. 'One is very good, the other may be just a little unpleasant for you. Grandma writes that she is coming to make us a visit—that, of course, is the good news. I shall have to go into the city this morning to meet her, and that will leave you alone for two or three hours. Still, you will not mind that very much, will you, for you will be looking forward to seeing grandma? Norah will be busy in the kitchen; if you need anything you can call her. I would rather you did not go out of the room. I am sure I can trust you not to do anything that I would not want you to do. As I say, you must think that mamma is coming back soon with grandma.'

Dorothy tried to take that view of the case, but in spite of that delightful prospect she watched mamma off with rather a sober face. It would be such a long time before noon.

'You can dress all your dolls up in their best to greet grandma, then you can read awhile in the new "St. Nicholas." When you get tired of that you can put your dissected map together, and then I think it will be nearly noon, so you can watch for us to come. If you keep busy the time will pass quickly.'

But Dorothy, instead of following this advice, sat down disconsolately when she was alone and watched the clock.

Dear me, how very long a time five minutes seemed when she was watching the clock, and how many there would be before mamma could possibly be back!

Why couldn't grandma have come up alone, and how would it work to move the hands of the clock ahead?

No, of course that would not help any, for the clocks in the city were right.

Presently Dorothy went over to the window and looked out, and there was Bessie Lang standing at the corner. If she would only come over what fun it would be!

Dorothy rapped on the window and called and called, but Bessie did not hear.

'If I could only open the window,' thought Dorothy; 'I wouldn't need to have it up but the least little bit of a minute, and that couldn't do any harm. Mamma was ever so sorry to have me stay alone—she wished she knew of someone to come, but she thought the girls were all in school. I don't believe she would care if I called just once. Most likely, if she had known how it would be she would have said I might.'

Now Dorothy knew very well that while mamma would like her to have Bessie for company she would not want her to open the window to call her.

There was something kept saying over and over to her: 'Don't do it, Dorothy, don't; mamma would not like it.'

But Dorothy would not listen. She kept thinking how much she wanted Bessie, and in a minute up went the window. But Bessie did not hear her at all, and apparently some one else called her, for just then she ran off down the street. Dorothy closed the window feeling very uncomfortable. What should she say to mamma when she came home? She had said she was sure she could trust her. How sorry she would look — and grandma, too!

Why need she say anything about it?

'I wish Bessie hadn't come over this way at all,' she said to herself. 'And anyway, I don't see why she couldn't have run off before I got the window open — then I would have been all right. But I don't see why I need tell mamma. Of course I wouldn't tell a wrong story about it, but she won't ask me anything about the window; and she will worry for fear I have taken more cold, if she knows.'

'But,' said Conscience sharply, 'you will be deceiving her all the same, for you will be letting her think something that isn't so. It is bad enough to be disobedient, don't be deceitful, too.'

By and by Dorothy went over and sat down in the 'Misery Corner,' as she called it, because mamma

sometimes sent her there when she had done wrong, to meditate. Mamma found her there, with her face to the wall, when she came hurrying in with grandma.

'I—couldn't be trusted,' sobbed poor little Dorothy; 'I put my head way out—of—the window, to call Bessie, but—she didn't hear me. I've sat here hours and hours. May I come out now? I 'most know for sure you can trust me another time.'

And mamma felt quite sure that she could, as she kissed the tear-stained face lifted so beseechingly.

'I've learned a lesson,' she said. 'When there's something you ought not to do, you must do something else quick, 'cause if you stop to think about it, you will do it first, you know.'

Dorothy did not take cold by her imprudence.

'I think most likely it was 'cause I punished myself right off,' she said. 'I kept thinking about it in the corner, and dreading to tell mamma and grandma. It made me so hot all over every time I thought how surprised and sorry they'd look, and so I couldn't take cold.'—'Christian Work.'

The Conceited Rooster.

(By a Gray Goose Gander.)

Being a dignified old gander, and knowing that one goose is worth more than three hens, I have never had much to say to the roosters and their flocks. Now and then I have met an old hen who had other thoughts than clucking about and ruffling up her feathers and trying to pass for a pullet, but most of them are not worth a gander's time. It is still worse with the roosters. I can't say that I ever met one who'd talk about the weather or the crops for five minutes. Their idea is to strut about and show off before the hens and chickens, and because they can crow and fight they try to put on airs over the geese and ducks. They know what I think of them, however. I've given many of them a good drubbing, and they quit strutting around me years ago.

It was about three years ago we had a rooster here who was a beauty. He was black as night, and his feathers shone like silk, and if it hadn't been for his foolish ways the whole farm would have been proud of him. Because he was big and handsome he thought himself the smartest rooster in the whole State. The other roosters ran from him, and the hens all bowed down, and the chickens held their breath as he passed by. One day I heard this rooster boasting to the hens that he had heard of a fox being in the neighborhood, and that he was going to hunt him up and drive him away. This was dreadfully foolish talk, and I called the rooster aside after awhile and said:

'My friend, you should not talk such nonsense to the hens. No rooster ever hatched is a match for a fox.'

'Do you mean that I cannot make the fox run for his life?' he asked.

'Of course you can't. A fox would kill you in a minute. Even the biggest gander is afraid of a fox.'

'That's because you are geese and can't crow. My dear old gander, don't worry about me. I can not only take care of myself, but of all the ducks, geese, and hens beside. Just waddle back to your pond and mind your own business.'

I had no more to say. I knew what would happen if a fox and the rooster met, but my words of advice had not been heeded. That very afternoon, after crowing as loud as he could for ten minutes and strutting up and down in his pride, the rooster set off for the back field to find the fox. The hens flapped their wings and clucked to encourage him, and some of the geese and ducks said he was a brave fowl and ought to wear silver spurs.

'You wait a bit,' said I to them. 'A rooster who sets out to hunt a fox may be very brave or very much of an idiot. If he ever comes back, he'll know a fox from a hollyhock all the rest of his days."

They said I was a jealous old gander, and ought to be ashamed of myself, but I went swimming over to the other side of the pond and let them talk. When sundown came and we went to roost and the rooster had not come back, the hens began to look very sober. His crow did not sound at daybreak the next morning as usual, and soon after breakfast the farmer started out to hunt for him. It was almost noon when he returned, and in his hand he had three or four black tail-feathers belonging to our missing friend. As the wife came out, the husband showed her the feathers and said:

'Mary, here's all that's left of our big black rooster.'

'What has happened him?' she asked.

'Why, he went off to the back field by himself yesterday, and a fox must have got hold of him and eaten him up. He was a fine-looking fowl, but he didn't know half as much as a goose.'—'The American Boy.'

Mary's Little Camera.

A little camera Mary had—
She did not think it wrong—
And every place that Mary went,
She took the thing along.

'Twas of the instantaneous kind,
'Twould take the lightning's flash,
Or anything, more quickly than
The miser takes his cash.

She tried the camera on the fly,
And caught it as it flew,
And of the busy, buzzing bee,
She got a splendid view.

But when she tried to catch a boy,
Who o'er his school-books pored,
The instantaneous process failed—
She was completely floored.

The times when he began a task
Were very, very few;
And when she did begin, she failed,
Since he so soon was through.
—'Home and Country.'

The Way To Succeed.

Drive the nail right, boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys,
While the iron is red.

When you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky,
How can you ever get up, boys,
If you never try?

Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be downcast;
Try, and try again, boys—
You'll succeed at last.
—'Temperance Record.'

Sunday School

LESSON X.—September 8.

Jacob at Bethel.

Genesis xxviii., 10-22. Memory verses 13-15. Read Ps. cxxxix., 9-12.

Golden Text.

'Surely the Lord is in this place.'—Genesis xxviii., 16.

Lesson Text.

(10) And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran. (11) And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep. (12) And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. (13) And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac; the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed; (14) And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south; and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed. (15) And behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of. (16) And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. (17) And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. (18) And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. (19) And he called the name of that place Bethel; but the name of that city was called Luz at the first. (20) And Jacob vowed a vow; saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, (20) So that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God; (22) And this stone, which I have set up for a pillar, shall be God's house; and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee.

Suggestions.

Jacob the supplanter was far from being a model man, and yet God saw in him the making of a great man, and one who might be the fit successor of Abraham the faithful.

The Lord God discerns the sparkle of the diamond through the roughest coating, and he knows that a diamond in the rough is more valuable, though less attractive in appearance, than the most highly polished bit of common stone. God can do more with the humblest Christian who is willing to be taught and guided, than with the most highly cultured individual who does not want to obey him. God chose Jacob rather than Esau because he saw that Jacob, with all his sinful and mean nature, still had in his character traits which would make him a far more useful and reliable man than the indifferent and easy-going Esau. Esau's absolute carelessness in letting go his very birthright showed his perfect incapacity of holding anything that was trusted to him. Esau made no effort to obtain the blessings God had promised, while Jacob tried to obtain more than his share, but God saw that Jacob could be trained to faith and obedience, while Esau would always be too sluggish to care whether he obtained promises or not, as long as he could get enough to eat.

After Jacob had by false pretences stolen the blessings of the first-born from Esau, Esau hated him and planned that after his father's death he would kill him. Rebekah hearing of this persuaded Isaac to send away her favorite son Jacob, to visit his relatives in Padan-aram and there get a wife for himself. So Jacob set out to visit his mother's brother, Bethuel the Syrian, who lived at Haran, in Mesopotamia. When he had gone about fifty miles north of Beersheba, his home, he lay down on the ground one night with a stone for a pillow, and as he slept his thoughts were turned toward God. Perhaps in the daytime as he had been plodding wearily on he had been longing to find some way to approach God. He saw that he could never make a success of himself in this world, the best that he could do with his own nature only got him into trouble, and now here he was downcast and discouraged flying for his life from the righteous anger of his own brother, whom he had so defrauded. Jacob wanted God, he knew that he needed him in his life, but he did not know where or how to find him. The Lord God is always nearest to us when we most feel the need of him. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit. (Ps. xxxiv., 18).

In the night God revealed himself to Jacob, and Jacob saw a ladder with one end set firmly on the earth and the other end reaching up to heaven, and God himself stood at the top. This ladder typifies the Lord Jesus, who in his perfect humanity and perfect divinity is the perfect and only connection between the high and holy God and poor sinful humanity.

God spoke to Jacob and renewed to him the promise previously given to Abraham and Isaac. God promised Jacob a multitude of descendants, as innumerable as the very dust of the earth he was lying on, God also promised that he himself would accompany Jacob wherever he should go. When Jacob awoke he took his stony pillow for an altar and worshipped God by pouring oil on it, and ratified his covenant with God. Then he called that place Bethel, or the house of God, because God had met him there.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Sept. 8.—Topic—Heavenly helpers.—II. Kings vi., 15-17.

Junior C. E. Topic.

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

Mon., Sept. 2.—Saved from debt.—II. Kings iv., 2-7.

Tues., Sept. 3.—The persistent mother.—Mark vii., 26-29.

Wed., Sept. 4.—Beloved for her deeds.—Acts ix., 36.

Thu., Sept. 5.—The purple-seller.—Acts xvi., 14.

Fri., Sept. 6.—Choosing the good part.—Luke x., 42.

Sat. Sept. 7.—A noble testimony.—John xi., 21-27.

Sun., Sept. 8.—Topic—Lessons from Bible women. (Dorcas, Lydia, the Shunammite, the Syro-Phonician, Mary and Martha.)

Managing Restless Scholars.

If you have a class of restless and mischievous boys in the Sunday-school, and want to keep them up to their busiest work in their line, you had better not let them get to their places before you, and take a fair start without their teacher being on hand to check them. Ten minutes sooner or later on your part in getting to your place will make a solid hour's difference in your control of your class for one day. If a teacher is ahead of his scholars in getting into place he can keep ahead there. If his scholars are ahead of him to begin with, they are not likely to lose their lead till school closes.—'Sunday-School Times.'

Four Kinds.

Years ago Bishop Vincent said that there were four kinds of Sunday-school teachers: 'First. Those who leave upon the minds of their pupils a general impression, but no definite knowledge of which the pupil can make use. Second. Those who succeed in communicating knowledge, but do not provide for its retention by the pupil. Third. Those who communicate knowledge, and fix it in the memories of their pupils, but the knowledge is like seed carefully deposited in a paper or box. Fourth. Those who so impart knowledge that it develops self-activity and power in the pupil as seed wisely deposited in the soil, and which grows and bears fruit.' It is worth belonging only to the last class.

Temperance

Blackboard Temperance Lesson.

(By Mrs. W. F. Crafts, in 'Youth's Temperance Banner.')

This is nutting season, and many boys and girls are going out to gather nuts that they may have them to crack and eat in the winter. Now I am thinking of another kind of 'nuts to crack'; that is what hard questions are sometimes called. Of course I did not make these questions myself any more than you grow the nuts you gather. I found them growing in the 'Christian Endeavor World,' but nobody there thought of calling them 'nuts.' But I am sure you will find some of them hard to crack, that is, to answer. Don't be soft headed and give up the task. It takes a hard head rightly used to crack such nuts as these.

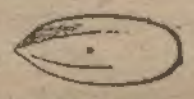
I will make a picture of a nut to stand for each question.

ALMOND.

Why does a free lunch in the saloon make no lunch at home?

HAZEL.

What besides better food would the money spent in the saloon get for the home?

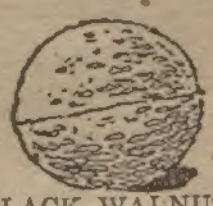


PECAN.

What are some of the crimes caused by the saloon?

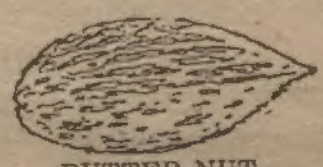
HICKORY NUT.

How does the saloon make men commit crime?



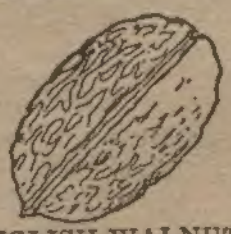
BLACK WALNUT.

When the arrest of a criminal is wanted, why do the officials usually go to a saloon to find him?



BUTTER NUT.

How does the saloon cause sickness?



ENGLISH WALNUT.

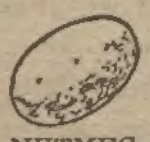
Why do not some insurance companies insure the lives of drinking men?

BRAZIL NUT.

How do innocent children suffer through the saloon?

CHESTNUT.

How do sober citizens suffer on account of the saloon?

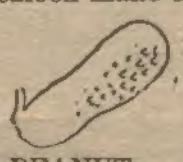


NUTMEG.

How do mothers suffer on account of the saloon?

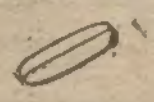
BEECHNUT.

How does the saloon make brutes of men?



PEANUT.

Why is a drunkard lower than the brutes?



DATE.

Why cannot drunkards enter heaven?

COCOANUT.

What should be done with the saloon that causes so much evil?

Now I will crack the nuts myself and put them in a dish together, and you may try to see if you can find out where they belong.

By making them lose all their good manners.

Fighting, cheating, stealing, murder, etc.

Because they are not apt to live long, and so they will lose money by taking 'risks.'

They see their sons degraded and ruined.

The Bible says there is no place in heaven for drunkards.

Because he does evil, knowing that it is evil.

It should be made to shut up shop.

They have to pay taxes to support jails, hospitals, and asylums for drunkards.

Because drunkenness takes away both the desire and power to do right.

Because poison is in strong drink.

They lack food and clothes, but most of all, they lack a noble and loving father.

Because the saloon makes criminals.

Because the man who eats a 'free lunch' afterwards spends his money for drinks.

Better clothes, better furniture, a better house, books, and pictures and all sorts of comforts.

True Manliness.

Every young man has his ambition. There is no young man who does not intend to make his position next year higher than it is this year. You are looking forward to something better. You desire to be manly. What is it to be manly, to be brave, to be noble? There is a class of young men who think to be manly is to swear, swagger, and trample on the decencies of human life. They consider it manly to toss off their glass 'like a man,' and swear 'like a man.' Are these manly young men? We call them 'fast young men.' Now, there is not in this world a more contemptible set of men than 'fast young men.' It requires neither genius, education, nor intellect to drink and swear. Give the materials to the biggest lunatic in an insane asylum, and he will do all these things as well as the best 'fast young man' you have. We are brave—when? When we overcome that which threatens to overwhelm us. Young men, we are heroes when we are able to chain some cherished desire, and to say to some powerful passion 'Be still! I am your master.' To be bold against an enemy is common to the brute. Man's prerogative is to be bold against himself.—John B. Gough

Correspondence

Lowville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, half a mile from Lowville school. We have holidays now. My teacher's name is Mr. Vivian. I am in the senior second class. In my class there are five scholars. I have a cat called Tommy, and a dog called Watch. I have a little colt. I call him George. We have three big horses, fifteen cattle, and about forty hens. I have two brothers and two sisters. My grandma sends the 'Messenger' to my brother every year and I like it very much. I was at my grandpa's to stay a few days a while ago. I wonder if any other little boy or girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, Nov. 27.

V. R. B. (Aged 9).

Lr. Economy, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy six years old. I live on a farm near the seashore. I have three sisters and one brother. My sisters' names are Blanche, Jennie, and Viola. My brother's name is Ernest. I go to school and am in the first book. My teacher's name is Mr. Gass. We all like him very much. I have for pets a bantam, a white hen and two cats. I go to Sunday-school. My teacher's name is Mr. Faulkner. My grandma takes the 'Northern Messenger' and I think it is a nice paper. My birthday is on Dec. 8.

CHARLES RAYMOND B.

Woodbridge.

Dear Editor,—My mamma has taken the 'Messenger' ever since I can remember. She reads the letters for me. I go to Sunday-school. I have no sister, but one brother. My papa is a farmer. My birthday is on Oct. 20. I am seven years old.

NELLIE R.

Shelburne, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My papa takes the 'Messenger' and I like it very much. I go to Sunday-school and like our teacher very much. I go to day school. Our teacher's name is Mr. Bell, but he left us at the first of holidays. We live about four miles from Shelburne. I have one brother, he is three years old and I am seven.

MILTON T.

Eden, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in Eden, about three and a half miles from the village of Beaverton, and we have a Union Sabbath-school up here, and we have been getting the 'Messenger' for a number of years, and like it very much because of the way it denounces intemperance, such as drinking whiskey and using tobacco. Last Sabbath we took up a collection for the famine-stricken Chinese which amounted to $6.55. Our day-school opens on Aug. 19, and we are very glad, because we have such a nice teacher, his name is Mr. W. A. Cameron.

CASSIE A. (Aged 9).

Abingdon.

Dear Editor,—I wrote a letter to you, once before, but did not see it published in the paper, so I thought I would write again. I go to school, and am in the fourth book. This summer two of my cousins came over to visit us. One was from Toronto, the other from the United States. I live on a farm. We have black currants and black berries, but they are over now. I don't like picking berries when it is hot. I commenced taking the 'Northern Messenger' the first of this year, and I would not wish to do without it. I have two half-sisters, and one-half brother, but they are all married, so sometimes I get rather lonesome.

PEARL A. S.

Flodden, Que.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm. My grandpa's house is not one hundred yards away on the same farm. My mamma's father and mother came to visit us last fall, from Ontario. They had not seen mama for nearly fourteen years. We have no school at present, but expect it to begin on Aug. 12. I intend going to Montreal in a year or two to study for a teacher. I have one sister, two brothers and one little baby sister in heaven. I have one grandpa in his ninety-second year and he is able to go to the field and hoe the carrots and turnips. I go to Sunday-school and Presbyterian Church every Sunday that I can. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mr. A. Carruth. We think he is just splendid. Some of the other teachers and the minister wanted to take us out of his class, but we said if we could not have him for our teacher we would have none. Our minister's name is the Rev. Mr. Sutherland. We intend having a Sunday-school picnic on Aug. 6. My cousin Maudie, from Montreal, is here visiting us. I have one cousin who has been to Cuba. Grandpa and grandma named our house Fort Rose Cottage, as that is the place grandpa was born in Scotland. I wonder if any of the readers have the same birthday as I have, July 30. I like to read and crochet very much.

MARY ADELAIDE E. (Aged 15).

Libbytown, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' since New Year, and I like it very much. I live on a farm. I have six sisters and one brother. I go to school and I like my teacher very much; her name is Miss Paul. For pets I have two rabbits, a colt, named Dolly, a kitten, named Topsey and a dog, named Mick. I wonder if any other little reader has a birthday the same day as mine, June 23.

J. ERNEST J. D. (Aged 10).

Melanson, N. S.

Dear Editor,—Papa is a farmer, and his farm lies along the banks of the river where Evangeline and the French Acadians were so cruelly driven away from their homes. Many strangers and tourists come to visit this part of the country every summer. I am ten years old. I live quite near school, and am in the seventh grade.

MARGIE E. C.

Bethany.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' since New Year's and like it very much. I enjoy reading the letters from the other little boys and girls. I live on a farm, four miles from Bethany. I have about a mile and a half to walk to school, and am in the senior second. We usually have a picnic, but this year there was none. I have no pets. I have a little brother and sister younger than myself.

FELEDA D. (Aged 9).

Queensville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday-school and like it very much. I go to the Christian Sunday-school, and have about a mile and a half to go. I have two brothers and three sisters and I am the youngest. I have three pets, a dog, a bird, and a cat. My dog's name is Tiny and my cat's name is Snowball. I live near the school and go every day. My teacher's name is Miss E. Jones and we like her very much. My birthday is on Aug. 28.

MABLE E. T. (Aged 10).

Granton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger.' I live in the village of Granton. My chum, Sarah, and I went to Port Stanley last summer. Papa and I are going to Muskoka this fall.

TESSA L.

Granton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the village of Granton. The population is about four hundred. I have two sisters and one brother. My father is a mason; he is working eleven or twelve miles from home now. Tessa L. and I were at Stanley last summer and saw Lake Erie.

SADIE P.

Sarnia, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have three brothers and one sister; the youngest is a little boy called George, three years old. I have no dog, but we have ten little kittens and four big cats. I wonder if any little girl's or boy's birthday is on the same day as mine, Dec. 31.

HAZEL L. L.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

S. P. C. K. is thanked for sending 'History and Hardships of a Poor German Boy.'

All boys and girls who write to the 'Messenger' must try and send nice, clean letters with the handwriting as neat as possible. We could not read some of the untidy letters recently received and they had to go in the wastepaper basket. Correspondents should also try to put their capital letters and stops in the right places.

We cannot publish 'A Noble Boy's Reward,' sent by N. C. If N. C. wishes it returned she should send her full name and address and a one-cent stamp.

World Wide

A Weekly Reprint of Articles from Leading Journals and Reviews Reflecting the Current Thought of Both Hemispheres.

This remarkable and most readable journal has pushed its way, in a few months, beyond our expectation — chiefly owing to the goodwill of its rapidly-growing constituency. Without wisdom of its own, 'World Wide' reflects the wisdom of the age—the day—the hour—the moment. Without opinions of its own 'World Wide' beats to the tick of modern British and American thought. 'World Wide' has found its place on the study table. Preachers, teachers, writers and thinkers generally have hailed it as a new and most welcome companion. As a pleasant tonic—a stimulant to the mind, 'World Wide' has no peer—at the price, no equal among the journals of the day.

Regular readers of 'World Wide' are kept in touch with the world's thinking.

Sample Copies sent on application.

Notice the remarkable "Trial" offer:—

20 Cents
Stamps accepted.
To January 1st, 1902.

$1.00 to January 1, 1903.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,

TRIAL TRIPS

To January 1st, 1902.

To enable our subscribers to introduce our publications into many NEW homes this season we offer the following

Remarkable Club Offers.

'Daily Witness,' 'World Wide,' 'Northern Messenger,' all for	$1.00
'Daily Witness,' 'World Wide' .. .. " "	.90
'Daily Witness,' 'Northern Messenger .. .. " "	.80
"Daily Witness,' .. .. " "	.70
'Weekly Witness,' World Wide,' 'Northern Messenger' " "	.40
'Weekly Witness,' World Wide' .. .. " "	.35
'Weekly Witness,' Northern Messenger' .. .. " "	.30
'Weekly Witness' .. .. " "	.25
'World Wide,' 'Northern Messenger' .. .. " "	.25
'World Wide' .. .. " "	.20
'Northern Messenger' .... " "	.10

TO JANUARY FIRST 1902.

Present Subscribers to the 'Witness' may take advantage of the 'World Wide' and 'Messenger' Clubs. Otherwise these offers are only intended for NEW Subscribers.

Cut them out and show them to the next friend you meet. To Great Britain and Montreal postage extra.

THE WITNESS is pre-eminently the family newspaper of Canada. It publishes all the news that is worthy the attention of the general reader. It maintains an independent advocacy of the right side of every public question. It is free from bondage to any partisan or selfish interest. The reliability of its news, and the general tone of the paper gives it a most enviable place among its contemporaries.

Besides the latest cable, telegraphic and local news and comment thereon there are special departments of interest to every one, such as medical, agricultural, poultry, veterinary, bee culture, gardening, legal, queries, Home and Boys' and Young People's pages. DAILY averages 14 pages, WEEKLY averages 22 pages per issue.

WORLD WIDE. A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both Hemispheres. These articles have hitherto been lost to Canada except as now and again they have been squeezed into the daily or weekly newspapers. 'World Wide' is young in years but remarkably wise. Thinking men and women have hailed it with delight.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER, (Twelve pages), published weekly, is a most interesting and remarkable paper for the money. No home should be without it. Besides the family reading there is the Department for Boys and Girls, and two pages devoted to the Little Folks in extra large type. Each issue contains illustrations, International S. S. Lesson, C. E. Topic, Temperance Catechism and Household Departments.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Canada.

FREE TO 'MESSENGER' SUBSCRIBERS.

Any 'Messenger' reader may have any of these trial rate offers Free by securing three other new subscribers for the same offer, as for instance:

Three new subscribers to 'World Wide' will entitle the sender to receive 'World Wide' for the same period free of cost.

Three new subscribers to the 'Weekly Witness' or to the 'Weekly Witness' and 'World Wide' will entitle the sender to receive these publications for the same period free of cost.

Samples sent free on application, if desired.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

Respecting Obligation.

'I wish,' said a tired teacher the other day, 'that those who have the charge of young people in the home could understand the need of teaching them a sense of obligation, a respect for their engagements even though they are only childish ones. When Johnny or Molly goes home, for instance, and announces an agreement to take part in some school entertainment, the average mother smiles, well pleased at her child's pleasure. But if after two or three rehearsals some other attraction seizes the youthful fancy, and the child declares an intention "not to go any more," the same mother only laughs at the capricious change, and carelessly decides that it is "only a childish affair, and doesn't make much difference." She bestows not a thought upon the busy teacher who has given so much time and effort to drilling the children, and who may be greatly inconvenienced by a missing part; or to the other little ones hindered and disarranged by an absent member. But the worst effect is on the child himself, in allowing him to think that he can undertake and drop obligations so lightly. We often laugh at the self-importance of children; but there is a sense in which they cannot be too strongly impressed with their own importance.'—'Wellspring.'

When steel goods have become rusty, rub oil well in, and leave for a day or two, then rub thoroughly with a rag dipped in ammonia.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Use **BABY'S OWN** SOAP

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'